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IN VACATION.

Silence Is Golden.—A stolid, blank-looking Indian sat in the federal court room to be arraigned for bootlegging. His case was called. The marshal told him to stand up; but he only stared, apparently not comprehending. The marshal motioned him to rise. He stood.

"What is your name?" the judge asked.

No reply.

"Have you an attorney?"

Only a helpless stare from the Indian.

"Can you understand English?" queried the judge.

Blank silence on the part of the prisoner.

"Mr. Attorney, what is this man charged with?" asked the judge.

The district attorney stated the case.

"It seems to me," said the judge, "that this is a very trivial case. The poor thing doesn't seem to understand a word of English. He probably has no understanding that he has done wrong. Mr. Attorney, just enter a nolle prosequi in this case."

The Indian was told he could go; but stood staring and motionless. The marshal, with a gesture, ordered him to sit down. He obeyed, and stayed throughout the long afternoon session of court. In one case, the charge was similar to his own. Scott Miller, a noted local lawyer, was defending. Miller entered a plea of guilty for his client, and then made an impassioned plea for mercy. His pathos would have moved a marble statue to tears. He represented long and earnestly the wonderful virtues and manifold kindness of his client. When he sat down the judge said:

"Five years in the penitentiary."

Court adjourned, and as the crowd passed out the Indian followed. He walked down the steps behind Miller. Suddenly he leaned over and whispered in the attorney's ear:

"White man talk too damn much."—Ex.

His Will.—"Now Rastus," said the Captain, don't you want to make your will before you go over?"

"Will, nuthin', sah! De only will I is worryin' about is will I come back."—Ex.

One on Daniel Webster.—One time, when riding out of Boston, Daniel Webster's coachman, noticing a tear in his coat as they started, said: "Mr. Webster, there is a tear in your coat."

"Never mind," said Webster, "everybody knows me here."

After they had driven out of the city a few miles, and were passing through a village, the coachman again remarked: "Mr. Webster, there is a tear in your coat."

"Never mind," said Webster, "nobody knows me here."—Ex.